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THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

No. 7. SATURDAY, MAY 2ND, 1914. PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS.

Sunday, May 3rd, 3 p.m.—Victoria Park. Miss Barry.
3 p.m.—Beckton Road Park. Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Walker, Miss Peterson.
Monday, May 4th, 8.30 p.m.—Swiss Cottage Hackney. Mr. Mewett.
8 p.m.—Priscilla Road—Miss Peterson.
8 p.m.—Peacock Road—Miss Lynch.
8 p.m.—321 Roman Rd., Speaker's Class.
8 p.m.—319 East India Dock Rd. ,,
Tuesday, May 5th, 3 p.m.—Kelland Road, Plaistow—Miss Peterson.
8 p.m.—400 Old Ford Road—House Warming.
8 p.m.—Ordinance Road, Canning Town—Miss Peterson.
8 p.m.—Dock Gates—Mr. Jane.
8 p.m.—Burdett Road—Mrs. Walker.
Wednesday, May 6th, 8 p.m.—Crowder's Hall—Miss Coombs.
8 p.m.—319 East India Rd—Miss Bonwick
8 p.m.—Chrisp Street—Mrs. Walker.
Thursday, May 7th, 3p.m.—400 Old Ford Rd.—Miss Harley.
3 p.m.—Deacon's Vestry, Burdett Road—Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Schlette.
3 p.m.—319 East India Dock Road—Mrs. A. J. Webb.
8 p.m.—124 Barking Rd., Canning Town—Mrs. Ives.
7 p.m.—Woodstock Road. Mrs. Walker.
Friday, May 8th, 8 p.m.—400 Old Ford Rd.—Members' Meeting.
8 p.m.—Ford Road.—Miss Canning.
8 p.m.—Piggott Street—Mrs. Walker.
8 p.m.—Beckton Road—Mr. Johnson.

SELF DENIAL WEEK.

Members and friends are asked to remember that Self Denial Week for the East London Federation begins on Friday, May 1st, and ends Saturday May 9th. Funds are urgently wanted for our new citadel house and hall at 400 Old Ford Rd., for the *Woman's Dreadnought*, to carry on our work in other districts, and to extend it in every way.

Members of the East London Federation are making excellent plans for raising money. Some have promised to sing and to sell flowers outside theatres during Self Denial Week. One member will have a stall outside her house. She will be pleased to receive goods for this stall. Goods may also be sent to sell at the E.L.F.S. stall on Friday nights and Saturdays in the Roman Road, Bow, and in Chrisp Street, Poplar. Many members are making artificial flowers in our colours to sell in the streets and on the stalls, also cakes and jams and other things. We want others to join both in making and selling.

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO HELP?

HOUSE WARMING IN THE EAST LONDON FEDERATION'S NEW HALL.

A house warming will be held at the large new lecture hall of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes at 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, on Tuesday, May 5th, at 8 p.m. This is Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's birthday, and the function will also serve to welcome her on her return. The Bow and Bromley members who are organising the party, will provide the refreshments. A charge of 3d. admission will be made for the Self Denial fund. Both men and women friends are welcome. There will be singing and speeches.

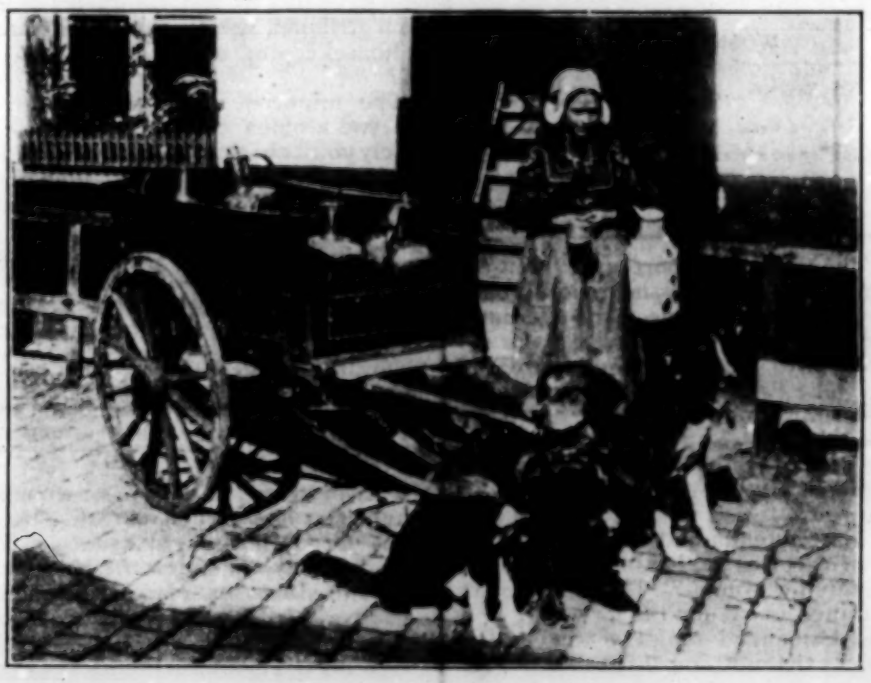
Women and Men are urged to attend the Poplar Borough Council on Thursday, May 7th, when the question of Free Speech and the letting of the Public Halls to the Suffragettes will again come up for discussion.

Remember that the Council meets from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. in Woodstock Road.

A MOUSE ABROAD

IN HUNGARY.

The train stops at a little station. The platform is crowded with people—men in soft felt hats, soldiers with turned-up moustaches, in blue coats and tight black trousers, with silver cockades in their high shiny black caps. Station officials, who look like soldiers, in black with silver brading, peasant women in black calico dresses with very wide pleated skirts, all bunchy round the hips. Dozens of men are drinking beer at a stall where two men with fat dark faces and shaven heads are selling glasses of light coloured frothy beer and little rolls. Two small boys, each carrying a big enamelled tin jug and a number of empty glasses, walk from one end of the train to the other, calling what sounds like "veese, veese." They are selling water at a penny a glass. A big fat-faced man, in mustard-coloured hat and clothes and new reddish tan boots, is striding about.



A WOMAN WORKER IN BRUSSELS.

The passengers who have come into the train, like the people on the platform, have all something in common, something strangely eastern, which chiefly shows itself in their large dark and rather motionless eyes and in their full lips. Their faces are mostly round and they all incline to stoutness.

The peasant men and women are very different. They are like the people who work in the fields all over the world. Their eyes, deeper and sadder than those of others, speak the language of human sympathy; their features are worn and refined by hard toil, and their skin is tanned by exposure to sun and wind.

For many hours we have been passing through a vast plain country, sometimes as flat as a table, sometimes undulating slightly on the horizon. Almost every inch of it is cultivated. Long strips of varying greens and browns alternate with each other: the deep green of winter wheat, the paler brownish green of land lately sown, darker soil, newly ploughed, paler soil, where the furrows have had weeks to become dry. All is marked off with ruler-like precision, and smooth as though covered with a velvet mantle. The slight inequalities in the natural composition of the soil show as the faint reflection of sun dapplings, ignoring the boundaries of field and field. There are no hedges, but here and there tiny fruit trees with pink and white blossoms, grow in a straight line up the centre of the field. The furrows come right down to the edge of the narrow white roads that intersect the land.

Peasant women in blue and red dresses, so small in the wide surrounding landscape, are weeding or hoeing in the fields. Sometimes a long train of carts drawn by horses or oxen, and laden with brushwood is seen making its way slowly along the road. Everywhere is great evidence of labour. If, as one watches from the train window, miles and miles of arable land are sometimes broken for a few moments by wooded knolls, incredibly large and numerous stacks of faggots are seen piled together there, ready for collection, although there seems no thinning in the trees. A long line of giant supports with connecting wires, stretches out of sight over the dip of the horizon, carrying water from the Danube, whose banks we are passing, to fields far away.

All this land which we have seen for hours around us belongs—so some stranger in the dining car tells us—to a Count, who lives in Paris. The peasant houses are very small and mean. They say that next to that of Colorado this is the richest land in the world.

By the road-side are many shrines and crosses. We pass by a little church-yard, darkened by big sombre wooden images of the crucifixion reared up on every grave.

Arrival in Buda Pesth.

A crowd was waiting at Buda Pesth station to greet, with shouts, that reminded me of the American college yells, some English footballers who came by the same train as we. We had omitted to telegraph the time of our arrival, so that only one specially enterprising newspaper man, who met every train, knew that we had come. All that first evening and a considerable part of the days that followed were taken up with interviewing the Press representatives who called on us.

We learnt that Hungarian newspapers do not come out on Monday mornings, because Sunday is a holiday. This particular Monday being a bank holiday, no newspapers were published till Tuesday afternoon. In 1891 a law was passed providing that industrial workers must rest on Sundays, the Feast of St. Stephen, and national holidays. April 11th is a national holiday in Hungary, because on that day, in the year 1849, the Press was made free. We were told, however, that this year a law has come into force by which it is enacted that if an attack on anyone is made in a newspaper, an apology must be published on the same page and in the same issue. This seems likely to have very curious results.

Easter Sunday.

Next day was Easter Sunday. We went in the morning to the Basilica, a vast building, gorgeous with dull gold and bronze bass reliefs. It was filled with people, all standing closely packed together, peasant women with pleated skirts and handkerchiefs on their heads, and men in curious tight white peasant trousers, or with old slouched felt hats and rough working dress, people in fashionable Vienese clothes, and children as fair as any that we have in England, or with beautiful dark eyes and clear olive skins. They were all waiting for the great Mass at 10 o'clock, but the earlier Mass was still going on. The preacher was declaring against liberal ideals, socialism, and other features of the day. The bells that hung outside the Basilica were calling the people, and they made a strange musical echoing within.

One by one the many tall candles on the high altar were lit with long waxen tapers. Then wonderful music of singing and many instruments burst forth. The air within was heavy with clouds of incense. The people crowded the steps and passages, waiting for a chance to enter, as we came out into the sun.

We took a carriage and drove through the great wide streets with their splendid buildings and avenues of trees. Some of the roofs had coloured tiles and gilding upon their turrets and spires. The people seemed all gaily dressed. Fashionable women wore brighter colours than we see in England, and the peasant women's clothes were of brilliant pinks and violets and purples, blues and reds. Some had finely accordion-pleated skirts, perhaps of peacock blue, or startling magenta, with a narrow hem of red or black. They wore white bodices with flowered shawls or over-bodices. Sometimes they had low shoes with white or coloured stockings, sometimes shiny black leather wide legged top boots. Some, especially amongst the older

(continued on page 3)

MISS ENID LUCAS REARED ON "NEAVE'S"
NEARLY 90 YEARS' REPUTATION.
Neave's Food
ensures healthy happy children, stamina to invalids, and robust old age by its bone and body-building qualities. Specially recommended by "The Lancet," "British Medical Journal," Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Medical Officer of Health and Analyst for Dublin, etc., and other famous Authorities.
Used in Rearing the Royal Children of Russia, and those of all the Courts testify to its excellent virtues, for instance: Mrs. KAIN, 5 Rockingham Road, Doncaster, writes:—
"DR. ADVISED ME TO GIVE MY TWIN BOYS OF SIX WEEKS OLD YOUR NEAVE'S FOOD. I have never lost a night's rest, and they have cut their teeth without any trouble. Your Food also does away with all need of medicine and castor oil."—Aug. 22, 1912.
"Hints about Baby" sent free. Sample for 3d. postage mentioning this guide to
JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO. Fordingbridge, England.

WOMEN! JOIN THE EAST LONDON Federation of the Suffragettes ——

WOMEN'S MAY DAY in EAST LONDON.

SUNDAY, MAY 24th.

GREAT PROCESSION *from Beckton Road, Canning Town via East India Dock Gates and Old Ford Road, to*

VICTORIA PARK,

Many Platforms in the Park.

Be sure to keep that Sunday free;

ADVERTISE IN OUR PAPER.

Deal with our Advertisers.

SCALE OF CHARGES.

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Charges per inch :—			
Front Page	0	3	6
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Other Pages...	6	10	0
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Z. P. EMERSON,
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The

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No. 7.—Saturday, May 2nd, 1914.

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Dear Friends,

The Platform of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes in Hyde Park will be known by its tall Flag Staff, from which the Purple, White, Green and Red Flag of the Federation will be floating.

The East London Federation Procession will follow the Labour Procession to the Park, and will form up at Mile End Waste.

We women of the East London Federation are workers, and we mean to demonstrate on this day, on which, all over the World, the workers hold a festival of Labour.

Every woman must try her utmost to join us on Friday to help to raise the working woman's standard, and to proclaim that there can be no true freedom which is not shared by women and no real progress and development which is not built up by the effort and co-operation of women as well as by that of men.

Yours in freedom's cause,

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

WOMEN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The Royal Commission on the Civil Service has just issued a report, dealing with the work and conditions of the 60,000 men and women, who are employed in Government departments directly maintained by the Treasury.

The recommendations made on the Majority Report are, in many respects, highly unsatisfactory, from the point of view of the women employees. The Commission is composed of Lord MacDonnell, the chairman, and of 16 men and two women.

These two women, with some of the men, take exception to most of the Majority Report's recommendations in regard to women. The unfairness of habitually denying adequate representation to women when matters affecting their welfare are being decided is thus so clearly demonstrated that even the least intelligent anti-Suffragists should be able to understand it.

The Majority Report of the Commissioners recommends that there shall be two classes of men clerks, the junior class to be recruited at 16, and the senior class to be recruited at 18, "the age at which boys complete a full course at a secondary school."

This distinction is exceedingly unfair to the daughters of poor parents, who cannot afford to keep their children so long at school. Why should these girls be debarred from entering the Civil Service, whilst the way is open to their brothers?

The Majority Report recommends a fixed scale of salaries for men clerks. It does not do so for women clerks, but suggests that the Treasury shall do so. It puts forward, however, a scale of pay for women typists and we can compare this with the suggested pay of the men clerks :—

MEN CLERKS.

Junior Class.	Senior Class.
£50 ... £5 ... £85 £85 ... £7 10s. ... £130	£85 ... £7 10s.... £130 £130 ... £10 ... £200 £200 ... £15 ... £350
Superior Duties.	**Special Posts.**
£250 to £300	Up to £500

WOMEN TYPISTS.

Typists.	Shorthand Typists.
£1 a week rising by 2s. a week to £1 12.	£1 5s. a week rising by 2s. a week to £2 2s.

The Majority Report says: "The age limits for female typists should be 18 to 28." Does this mean the age limits for *admission* to the service? Or is a woman to be considered too old at 29? The Report says: "The principle governing the employment of women should be to secure the advantage of the services of women whenever those services will best promote the public interest." Also it says that it wishes to discountenance the idea that "the Civil Service exists for promoting careers for women." This last remark is unnecessary, for the foregoing proposed amended scales of wages show clearly that nothing charitable, or even generous, is intended in regard to the employment of women in the Civil Service. The Majority Report says: "The employment of female typists should be extended." The reason, of course, being that they are so much cheaper than men. Nevertheless, everyone of the members of the Royal Commission admits that the salaries hitherto paid to women Civil Servants, from the highest women officials to the youngest typists, are inadequate, and all but Sir Henry Primrose, Sir Guy Garnet, and Mr. Booth—note these names—are agreed that, where women are doing precisely the same work as men, they should receive the same pay. The majority point out that highly-qualified women inspectors receive salaries of little more than half those paid to men, who are supposed to be doing the same work as themselves. Yet, as everyone knows, the women inspectors have introduced a new and revivifying spirit into this important work and have raised Government inspection to a very much higher level than it occupied before their advent.

Sir Henry Primrose, Mr. Booth and Sir Guy Garnet, in objecting to equal pay and equal freedom of entrance into the Civil Service for women, make a curious admission. They say: "Acceptance of the doctrine (that no discrimination should be made between men and women, either as regards access to the Public Service, or as regards their treatment when in it) as one for universal application *would mean the complete transference of a service now consisting for the most part of men only.*"

These gentlemen evidently think that women are immensely more efficient than men. For our part we are content to claim for them merely equality.

Unfortunately, the majority of the Commissioners, whilst realising the injustice of paying less to women who are doing precisely *the same* work as men, fail to apply this conclusion with logical thoroughness. They wish to arrange that, as far as possible, women shall not have the same work to do. They insist that women applicants for the Civil Service shall not be allowed to enter themselves for the same examinations as the men, and hypocritically say that they wish to discourage 'cramming" amongst women.

Six of the Commissioners, Miss Haldane, Miss Streatfield, the Bishop of Southwark, Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, Mr. Cecil Beck and Mr. Philip Snowden, recommend that all examinations, including that of Class I., should be opened for women, though for Class I. they timidly ask for a limited number of places only.

Whilst denying the only possibility of testing the relative efficiency of men and women—namely, that of throwing the service open to both, freely and without sex handicap—the majority assert: "The evidence shows that in power of sustained work, in the continuity of service, and in adaptability to varying service conditions, the advantage lies with men."

For our part, we have always thought that, it in nothing else, women are always proving their "adaptability!" When the husband dies, or is ill, or out of work, who is it that, often without any training, has suddenly to turn her hand to bread-winning? Moreover, is it not true that women, who have had to toil for their living from girlhood, readily turn their hand to housekeeping and mothering later on?

The minority, including of course the two women on the Commission, wisely point out that efficiency depends in part "upon the food, housing, recreation, etc., made possible by the salary paid."

The majority of the Commissioners further recommend that women Civil Servants shall be dismissed if they marry.

They say: "Apart from considerations as to the welfare of the family (and these must not be ignored) the responsibilities of married life are normally incompatible with the devotion of a woman's whole time and unimpared energy to the public service."

Such professed solicitude for women sounds strangely, when we realise that it has not been thought necessary to provide sick pay under the National Insurance Act for married women, who work without wages for their families and homes.

A minority, again including the two women members, say :—

"We are unable to agree to a hard and fast regulation of compulsory retirement on marriage. We believe that there are many cases, especially in the higher grade of work, or where women are appointed for highly specialised knowledge, in which the enforcement of this rule would act to the public disadvantage."

This minority asks that a woman qualified to advise in the organisation of women in the Civil Service shall be appointed to the new section of the Treasury.

The most satisfactory part of the Royal Commission's Report is that all its members recommend an increase in the number of women inspectors and other high officials, especially for dealing with such matters as :—

"The nurture and education of children, the health and housing of the people, sick insurance for women, the administration of the Poor Law, industrial conditions and wages, the welfare of women in reformatories, prisons, workhouses and asylums."

The Commissioners say: "We cannot think that the present proportion of female to male officials indicates an adaquate appreciation of the service which women are able to render."

Quite true! But what are we to expect when women are shut out from any part in electing the governors of their country?

SUFFRAGETTE FIRES.

The Bath Hotel, Felixstowe, valued at £35,000, was burnt down on Tuesday, April 28th. Inscriptions bearing the words "No Peace till Women get the Vote" were found near by. Two women were arrested and remanded to Ipswich Gaol. Two wheat stacks at Bucklesham Barn, at Nacton, near Ipswich, an hay stack at Stratton Hall Farm, Trimley St. Martin, portions of Annandale Hall, Belfast, and the Grand Stand at Parsloes Park, Ilford, were burnt. Messages such as: "Asquith is responsible" being left near by. An attempt was made to fire the Grand Stand at Ninian Park, Cardiff. Letter boxes were attacked at Lewisham and Rushley Green.

THE ULSTER MILITANTS.

What exactly is happening in regard to Ulster, it will be a long time before any but the inner circle of politicians will ever know. The Ulstermen last week-end appeared to have scored a strategic success. It is said that they successfully landed in Ireland 70,000 rifles and 3,500,000 rounds of ammunition, and in the course of their operations blockaded roads, cut off telegraphic and telephonic communication, isolated three sea ports, and held up a railway station in Belfast. Having done these things they go to the House of Commons preaching peace!

The Government instead of retaliating, as one might expect from their words of other times, seem anxious only to excuse themselves, and to assert that they never, never, never intended any violent coercion of Ulster. Sir Edward Carson, the instigator of rebellion in Ireland, the man who has brought about the gun running, and the drilling and preparations for bloodshed, sits in his place in the House of Commons, and takes part in pressing home the accusations from which the Government try to free themselves.

"Conversations" between the Government and the Ulstermen are now to be resumed, and Sir Edward Carson is to take part in them. Yet militant women, who are fighting for the Vote, are imprisoned, drugged, and hounded about by the police! Is it not strange?

But yet, after all, it is not so strange, all this, as, perhaps, at first sight, it may appear.

What are the Unionists and the Home Rulers quarrelling about? Only matters of detail now. Mr. Balfour, the life-long Unionist, Sir Edward Carson, the rebel, both agree now to Home Rule—or at least they say they do. The only issues now are supposed to be as to whether the Ulster Provinces are to come under the control of the Home Rule Parliament automatically after six years, whether they shall remain outside till after a General Election has decided that they must come in, or till they have themselves voted to do so, or till a federal scheme of Local Parliaments for the whole of the United Kingdom has been set up.

These are but questions of detail. People can afford both to hold out the olive branch of peace or, if it so pleases them, to indulge in empty threats and sham fights in such a case. But the women who want Votes are fighting for the first principles of liberty and self-government; they cannot talk of peace, there are no compromises that they can make. As for the Government, it uses the hard cruel hand of force against the woman because, as yet, it refuses to meet them, not, alas, on matters of petty detail, but on the great and grave question as to whether women are to be admitted to free citizenship or not.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

THE PLURAL VOTING BILL.

It is of course an established fact that the present Government care very much more for the interests of their Party than for questions either of right and wrong, or of popular welfare. They promised a Reform Bill, but finding it difficult, even with the unprecedented help of the Speaker, to carry the measure without including Votes for Women, they decided merely to introduce a Plural Voting Bill, which they like even better than one for Manhood Suffrage, because they believe that it will better serve the interests of their Party. This Plural Voting, after long delays, at length has passed its second reading—too late for it to receive the protection of the Parliament Act, unless Mr. Asquith's Government maintains its precarious life until next year.

Mr. Harcourt said that he had assisted at the birth and death of many Franchise Bills, some of which had been killed by the Lords and others by the ladies.

EAST v. WEST.

Titled society women are willing to pester the people in the streets to buy Alexandra roses. Members of the E.L.F.S. will do the same with purple, white, green and red flowers, to forward Votes for Women.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

Miss Dorothy Evans and Miss Madge Muir were realeased on hunger strike from Crumlin Goal, Newcastle, on April 25th.

On April 22nd, they had been hunger striking two days. When their trial was resumed Miss Evans began speaking as soon as she was put in the dock. Witnesses gave their evidence and the case went on, but she continued without pause, and at times struggled desperately to get away from the police who were detaining her, until at last she fainted from exhaustion. She and Miss Muir were committed for trial at the next assizes. Bail was offered but they refused to give any pledge to appear. They were taken to prison.

In Memoriam.

We regret to have to record the deaths of two valued members of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes: Mrs. K. Lewis, who died in the London Hospital on Saturday, April 18th, and Mrs. Smith, on April 25th, in the Cancer Hospital.

Both the dear comrades of ours had had strenuous and useful lives, and had bravely endured many months of terrible suffering. Mrs. Lewis leaves behind her three children, for whom, as a working mother, striving heroically to make ends meet on a small income, worked long and well.

Mrs. Smith was for years an active member of the Salvation Army and a district visitor. She was one of our ablest speakers.

We wish to tender our sincerest sympathy to the relatives of these two dear friends.

(Continued from page 1.)

women, had bare feet. At one end of the park smart people were riding and driving and lunching at little tables in the open air. At the other was a sort of fair-ground, where there were merry-go-rounds and giraffes and eagles and shooting galleries and booths, where one might see monstrocities and all sorts of other shows.

When we got back to the hotel we found the owner of the principal cinematographic film company excitedly awaiting our return, in order that he might take a moving picture of us.

Later in the day we saw the Hungarian Suffragists selling their paper, *A Nö* (meaning the woman), which comes out twice monthly. The feminist ladies were standing at various pitches in the principal streets and a motor car with white flags drove round to them with fresh supplies. On Easter Monday they sold 2,000 papers to the people on the Corso, the fashionable promenade by the Danube.

The Women Clerks' Union.

On Easter Monday morning Miss Gergely Yanka, the President of the Women Clerks' Trade Union of Hungary, called upon us. This Women Clerks' Union is the oldest women's organisation in Hungary, and it was the first to demand Votes for Women. It has now 4,000 members, and this is a remarkably large number, as there are only about 6,000 women clerks in Hungary. The Women Clerks' Trade Union has its own club rooms, library and employment bureau. It employs its own lawyer to advise in disputes between its members and their employers. We were told that there had never yet been a strike of women clerks, though there might be one in the future.

The Union also works to influence legislation in the interests of its members, and to secure wider educational opportunities for them. There are at present 41 Municipal Commercial Schools for boys in Hungary, but only eight for girls. In addition the Shopkeepers' Guild has a few commercial schools of its own, but much more accommodation for girls is urgently needed.

Women clerks who are in the Union earn from 60 kroner (about £2 10s.) a month to 3,600 kroner (£150) a year. Unorganised women sometimes earn less.

The Women Clerks' Union is now beginning to organise the shop assistants, who earn from 40 kroner (about 33s.) a month, to 150 kroner (£6 5s.) a month in a few exceptional cases. We were told that the "living in" system only exists in one shop in Buda Pesth. The Social Democrats have also begun to organise the shop assistants. For domestic servants there is a small Social Democratic Organisation. Some philanthropic ladies of means have also started a servants' society, but this Miss Yanka told us was of little use from the economic standpoint. A general servant in Buda Pesth is paid, she said, from 20 to 30 kroner (16s. to 25s.) a month.

The State and the Worker.

In 1907 an Act for Sickness and Accident Insurance was passed, and all workers earning less than 2,500 kroner a year are now insured. Half the premium is paid by the employers, half by the employees. In a recent Act for the regulation of home work it is provided that "an employer must allow his employees or their representatives an opportunity of controlling the rates, according to which the result, quantity and quality of work not paid by time and wages are calculated." Also that the Minister of Commerce may issue regulations as to rates of wages, and impose penalties when these are not carried out.

In some cases, where the agricultural employment is not enough to support the people, and there is no factory work, employers are subsidised to help them to organise home industries. In that case a minimum wage for the employers is usually fixed by the State. This is a regulation which the Congested Districts Board of Ireland would do well to imitate, in order to protect their workers from the greedy exploitation of Belfast manufacturers.

Workmen's colonies are being erected by the State because the houses provided by private enterprise are too few and too dear. Very extensive arrangements are made for the care of destitute and orphan children—free meals and free clothes are provided. Of these things I shall write more fully next week.

The Suffrage Society.

Next day we were invited to tea both by the Women's Suffrage Society and by the Women Clerks' Union. We went first to the office of the former, where we met the secretary, Miss Vilma Glücklich, Miss Spády, Miss Schwimmer, Miss Pogány, sister to the well known artist in London, and others.

The offices of the Suffrage Society are excellently situated, in the same building as the great *Pesti Lloyd* newspaper, and arranged in a most businesslike way, with maps on the walls showing the progress of Votes for Women all over the world.

With the Suffragist ladies, the feminists as they are always called there, we took tea at a restaurant on the Corso, and were introduced to many friendly and interesting women, all of whom spoke with hope and enthusiasm of the prospects of the Hungarian Suffrage movement. We were interested to learn that special efforts are beginning to be made to arouse Hungarian working women to their need of the Vote.

Soon we were taken to the Women Clerks' Club in the Vigado Terrace near by. There was quite a large gathering of the members, most of whom spoke English, but we had only been with them a short time when the manager of the cinema theatre came to insist that we should go to his theatre. Miss Gergely Yanka and the others joined in urging that we must go and see ourselves on the film, and told us that the feminist ladies would be awaiting us there. We therefore left promising to return. At the moving picture theatre we saw films of the Hungarian Suffragists selling their papers on the Corso, and the audience applauded both them and us.

On returning to the women clerks, we sat with them on the balcony of their club overlooking the great square in front of the hall of the Vigado, the Corso and the Danube, and the City of Buda on the hill. I wished that the East London Federation of the Suffragettes could have a club with such a scene on which its members might feast their eyes.

The Meeting in the Vigado.

Next evening came the meeting in the Vigado where the International Suffrage Congress was held last year. There was a big gathering of more than a thousand people, though the great hall was not full. It was very wonderful to feel how the people understood and responded to every word. They were at one with the British Suffragettes in their great fight. One felt very strongly the bond of sisterhood, which has grown from our common struggle for freedom, amongst the women of all the world.

When I had finished speaking copies of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT and picture postcards were sold, and men and women became quite militant in their determination to secure autographs. Afterwards we were entertained by the feminists and a number of their friends.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

THE PRISON.

On our last morning in Buda Pesth we went with Mrs. Ungar and Miss Pogany to see the prison for men, women, girls and boys, who are either on remand, or are serving short sentences.

There are no women officials in this prison. The men warders are dressed like soldiers, with swords hanging at their sides. The corridors are narrower and incline to be more gloomy than most of those in Holloway, and though the cells, which open from them in several tiers of rows, are larger than those in Holloway, several prisoners are put to live together in each one.

In the first cell we saw five girls of fifteen and sixteen years. Some of these were accused of stealing, others of walking the streets as prostitutes, without permission from the police. The horrible system of State regulation of vice obtain in Hungary. One of the girls was in bed. The others, at our entrance, stood up in a row. They all looked unhappy and dejected, but one dark young creature had an expression of sullen hopeless misery that was terrible to see. I pressed her hand wishing that I could help her, and she suddenly burst into tears. I made her sit down and then saw that all the others had begun crying too. I insisted that they should sit and they seized my hands and tried to kiss them. Even the girl in bed stretched out her arms and I saw that she had no nightdress on.* I was distressed and embarrassed by their grief and their humility and the thought that it was perhaps I who had provoked their tears. I pressed their hands, poor children, but would not let them touch mine with their lips. The ladies told me the girls would misunderstand because I had refused their kisses. I knew of nothing but to kiss my hands to them as we went. The prison officials took no notice of the scene.

In the next cell we again saw five girls of from 15 to 17 years of age—girls, but their faces were scarcely human. They seemed like poor dumb suffering beasts. Awful faces, very pale with dull, dull weary eyes and matted hair falling over them. Their clothes were ragged and dirty and two of them had bare feet. They stood there in a row, quite still, as though they had always been standing there. "They are already ill," one of the ladies said. They were prostitutes, dying of their trade, though, in years, but children still. Next door to them was a girl of 17 in a cell by herself, she too had been arrested for being a prostitute without having obtained a ticket from the police. She also was "ill" and had sores on her face.

They hurried us away to another part of the prison, where we saw old, old women, generally five together in a cell. Some had been arrested for stealing or receiving stolen goods, one for performing an illegal operation. Then we were taken to the cell of a boy of 15, who, with another of about the same age, had shot and killed a woman, because a man had promised them a drink for doing it. He was a peasant boy, splendidly made, with very handsome features. He smiled at us and said that he had been drinking and had not realized what he was doing when he killed the woman. Perhaps I was influenced by having heard what he had done, but it seemed to me that his face lacked some subtle thing essential to a human being, and that there was a look of insanity in his eyes. In the cell opposite were five tramps, one of them a thin fair boy of 16 or 17, of a cheerful humorous expression, who said, with mischievous laughing eyes, that he had been arrested for doing nothing.

From a window in the corridor we looked down on some of the women exercising in a yard below. They walked in silent single file with a space of several yards between each one, as they do in Holloway, but a warder with sword and gun mounted guard over them.

We saw a barbarous punishment cell, in which there was little air and absolutely no light. Its atmosphere seemed to me alive with the agony and terror of those who had been its victims.

In the damp hot laundry we saw a number of weary looking women prisoners. The kitchen was filled with men. We were asked to taste the dinner they were cooking—a fairly good soup with meat and vegetables in it, and some well baked bread.

* Women in Holloway and other English prisons were not allowed nightdresses till after the appointment of Dr. Mary Gordon, the Woman Inspector.

A FELLOW REVOLUTIONIST.

Leaving the prison, we saw near by a school from which a troup of eager little boys and girls were pouring out.

Miss Emerson was determined that we should go inside and see what was to be seen. Our friends were a little shy of entering without an invitation, but they asked a young man who was just coming out whether we might look over the school. He said that this was his first day as a teacher, but that he felt sure that the head master would be pleased to let us see it. The head master received us very cordially, even enthusiastically, and took us all over the school. He was a big fair complexioned man with a massive head. On a high shelf in his room was a statuette of a man of similar type, a big man in working clothes, his shirt open at the throat, his massive head bowed despairingly and his clenched hands, in one of which was a weapon, hanging at his side. I asked the schoolmaster the meaning of the figure. He said that it represented the peasants who after the revolution of 1849 had been forced to lay down their arms. He said that his grandfather had been the model for the figure. "I am a revolutionist like you" he said "I would fight for freedom if I could."

Soon it was time for us to catch our train for Vienna. Miss Glucklich and a group of her suffragist colleagues came to the station to see us go, bringing us roses and sweets and International Suffrage badges with the Hungarian colours red, white and green.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

SYLVIA.

Translated from *Vilag (The World)*, a daily Buda Pesth newspaper.

You have said in Buda Pesth what you had to say about your movement. After a short time the express train rattles on with you to talk to other peoples and other nations. But those who remain here now know the reason of all that was not quite clear to them before. As often happens, you have taught people who already knew a good deal, and you have won those who were already won. That does not matter. Do not pause for that reason, for you must go on struggling, even if there is no visible result from what you have done. The harvest is still ripening, and all at once there will be victory. Let us believe in victory, Sylvia. The right of woman to help in the government of her native country is such a natural right, the principles for which you have to suffer now are one with the natural development of life and culture. In a few years time there will not be a country in Europe where the right of voting will be denied to women.

This belief and trust makes us forget that you could not win all Hungary at once. But if you could not be successful in explaining Suffragette politics to all of us, perhaps we Hungarians have been able to explain to you, our guest, something about Hungarian politics. Certainly, our meeting has been by no means barren, on either side, and it may yet be of great value.

The Hungarian politician, dear Miss Sylvia, does not work with such rude tools as yours.

Hungarian politicians do not beat the First Lord of the Admiralty and the First Lord of the Treasury, because they do not keep their promises. A Hungarian politician would only be likely to sneer at the most distinguished Lords of Government. He would tell them to their faces that they are rascals, but it is certain that, as soon as the speeches were over, he and they would peaceably settle down at the same table and have a drink in their club. That is what we call political ripeness, as compared with the juvenile principles of Suffragette politics. That is masculine earnestness, dear Sylvia, compared to the women's hysterics with which you work. It is supposed in Hungary to show political ripeness to use, in striving to attain our aims, tools which are so soft that their softness renders them valueless. To use tools which in the course of time would certainly enable us to achieve our aims, is what we in Hungary call barbarous. In order to excuse the Hungarian politicians, dear Sylvia, we must emphasise the fact that there does not exist one amongst them who

(Continued on page 4)

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW AND BROMLEY.

Organiser:—Mrs. Ives,
321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

Dreadnoughts sold for week ending April 24th,—531.

Members' Distribution Districts:

Mrs. W. Lansbury, St. Stephen's Road District—500 copies.
Mrs. Burton, Ford Road District—500.
Mrs. O'Connell and Mrs. Moore, Turner's Road District—500.
Miss Boyce, Kenilworth Rd. District—500.
Mrs. Kelly, Usher Rd. District—400.
Mrs. McCheyne and Mrs. Knudson, Fairfield Rd. District—350.
Mrs. Weaver, Smeed Rd. District—200.
Mrs. Watkins, Malmesbury Rd. District—150.
Mrs. Clarke, Parnell Rd. District—200.
Mrs. Carlisle, Tredegar Rd. District—200.
Mrs. Mantle, Wellington Rd. District—200
Miss Dobson and Miss Vernham, Cardigan Rd. District—200.
Mrs. Hope, Medway Rd. District—150.
Mrs. Wilson, Lichfield Rd. District—150.
Mrs. Pascoe, High St. District—100.
Mrs. Bailey—100.
Mrs. Husted, White Post Lane District—200

Members who have sold over 50 copies—Mrs. Moore, 190.

A sympathiser very kindly paid for 500 copies of *The Dreadnought*, which were distributed outside St. Pauls and Westminster Abbey by some of the young members.

Members very keen for work after holidays. Some have promised to sing and sell flowers outside theatres during Self Denial Week and to take collecting cards. One member has promised to have a stall outside her house, will others follow? Will all members please be quick to make up their minds what they will do. Jam-making, cakes for sale, fancy needlework, sweeping a crossing, are suggested for making money; what other suggestions, and who is coming forward to put them into practice? Many members followed our dear comrade's funeral on Saturday, to Woodgrange Park Cemetery, out of the deep affection and respect they felt for her. The surplus of the money collected for the flowers by Mrs. Watkins and Mrs. Moore will be given to Mrs. Lewis' children.

POPLAR.

Office .. ..319 East India Dock Road.
Organiser.. .. .. Miss M. Paterson.

Districts therefore now organised for weekly distribution of the paper are as follows:—

1. Upper North Street District. *Captain*—Mrs. Bird, 90 Suffolk Street. *Helpers*—Mrs. Neuss, Mrs. Bertram, Mrs. Skeet, Misses Lagsding, Mrs. Cresswell, Mrs. Cregan.—1,000.
2. Chrisp Street District. *Captain*—Mrs. Fyffe, 37 Morris Rd. *Helpers* Mrs. Unwin, Miss Edy, Miss Rutter.—600.
3. Isle of Dogs. *Captain*—Mrs. Bird, 90 Suffolk Street. *Helper*—Mrs. Neuss.—500.
4. Kerbey Street District. *Captain*—Mrs. Schlette, 128 Kerbey Street.—400.
5. High Street District, Mrs. Walker.—200.

There are, in addition, many hundreds of copies distributed each week by helpers who can only give odd time, in districts as yet without Captains.

Meetings and all work in full swing again after holidays. Self Denial Collecting Cards are now ready, please apply at office at once. All cards to be returned whether used or not.

Miss Fischer very kindly came over to teach flower-making.

85 *Dreadnoughts* in all were sold last week.

Distribution as follows:—Mrs. Walker, 200; Mrs. Schlette, 200; Mrs. Fyffe, 300; Mrs. Bird and helpers, 2000.

Mrs. Sadd Brown, who kindly gives every Tuesday to the work, also distributed 150 and sold 14 in Chrisp Street.

SOUTH HACKNEY.

Secretary—Miss Young,
Cromwell House, Greenwood Rd., Dalston.

Splendid meeting at Swiss Cottage on Monday. Distributors and sellers of papers, and canvassers wanted.

Papers sold, week ending 24th April—21.

SOUTH WEST HAM.

Hon. Sec...Mrs. Daisy Parsons,
94 Ravenscroft Road.

Canning Town. District leaders—Mrs. Millo, 1 Ravenscroft Road; Miss Tate, 37 Tyas Road. Distributors—Mrs. Roper, Mrs. Sands, Mrs. Pountney, Mrs. Hockham, Mrs. Hornblower, Mrs. Little and Mrs. Parker.

Plaistow. District leaders—Mrs. Hawkins, 29 Beaufoy Road; Miss Putt, 67 Wigston Road. Distributors—Mrs. Ward, Mrs. and Miss Lawrence.

Custom House. District leader—Miss Daisy Leggatt, 74 Chauntler Road. Distributor—Miss A. Dunbar.

Tidal Basin. District leader—Miss Penn, 10 Brent-road. Distributors—Miss Greenleaf, Misses A. and L. Kelsey.

Silvertown. District leader—Miss Grace Grimes, 27 Newland Street. Distributor—Miss F. Nicholas.

Will friends notice we are to be at Freemasons Road on Mondays in future. The Speakers' Class re-opens on Wednesday at 8 p.m., and Miss Mayo would like to welcome more members. One member sold 119 *Dreadnoughts* in the City over the week-end. Who will follow the example? Secretary wants suggestions for Self Denial Week. 86 *Dreadnoughts* sold week ending April 25th.

Gratefully acknowledged, "In admiration of Sylvia," 5s.

OTHER EAST LONDON SOCIETIES.

Hackney, Kingsland & Stoke Newington M.P.U.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. Eric W. Roberts.
Hon. Acting Sec.: Mr. M. Myers,
6 Streatly Buildings, Mount Street, Bethnal Green.

24 copies of the *Woman's Dreadnought* sold. Membership steadily increasing. At present 52 names are on our books. We shall be pleased to receive applications for the services of male speakers.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

Sunday, May 3rd—Ridley Road (High St., Kingsland), 12 noon.
Stoke Newington (Amhurst Road), 12 noon.
Hackney Triangle (Mare Street), 8 p.m.
Tuesday, May 5th—Members' business meeting at the Goldsmiths' Arms, Goldsmith Row, Hackney Road, N.E., 8 p.m.
Wednesday, May 6th—High Street, Kingsland (Boleyn Road), 8 p.m.

BOW and BROMLEY R. S. P. U.

SOCIAL AND DANCE, Saturday, May 2nd, 8 p.m. Libra Hall, 78 Libra Road, Bow. Proceeds for Uniform Fund of Herald Band. Tickets at doors, 3d.

We hope the above will be well patronized as funds are much needed.

continued from page 3.

takes politics as seriously as you do. That is another great difference between Hungarian and Suffragette politics. But yet it is true, in a sense, that Hungarian politicians do take their work seriously. They want to keep their seats in Parliament, they want to enter the Government, and in the end, who knows, to become Prime Minister.

Certainly, certainly, certainly, we can here see clearly how differently grown up men behave in comparison with hysterical women. Such men only think it important to consider the realities of life; for instance, to become a member of the Government or a member of the Opposition, but you, dear Sylvia, you cling to ideas, to "poisonous illusions," as a Hungarian member of the Government said of you.

After all this, it is easy to see that between Hungarian and Suffragette politics there is another and most important difference:—*You* are ready to suffer for your principles, a Hungarian politician never would do that! *You* are imprisoned, beaten, and forcibly fed for your cause; you allow yourself to be tortured. A Hungarian politician never would do that. Such things only hysterical women can do, not grown men. A grown man only does things which he is convinced will hurt his political opponents. But to do a thing for which he himself would have to suffer—that lies quite beyond his horizon.

It is comparatively easy for you English Suffragettes to be slowly but surely successful; it is easy for you to hold the crowd spellbound; it is easy for you to get together two and a-half million kroner for your movement in very small sums. Yes, these things are easy. When the leaders themselves are in earnest, when the leaders themselves are suffering,—*then* every thing is easy! But if you were to try to keep the crowd spellbound, when you could not even tell them for what they should be enthusiastic; if you tried to keep the crowd spellbound when you yourself were not in earnest; if you tried to collect two and a-half million kroner, when the only object of the collection was the promotion of your own private interest—then you would see that these things would not be so easy! Hungarian politicians have not been successful in such things—*their* force does not lie in clearly stating what are their wants, but rather in speaking so carefully that no one may take offence.

The funds of the Hungarian politician do not come from the people, but from the sale of his influence, for after all, a seat in Parliament is good business. Hungarian politicians are supposed to be tremendously earnest and immensely ripe, but there are some signs that some day, perhaps, women's hysterics will take the place of this old-established ripeness. It sounds incredible, but yet, some day, perhaps, Hungarian politicians will have, like the Suffragettes, a fixed programme. Perhaps after your explanation of hysterics, Hungarian politicians may also come to know what they want, though, till now, it has been hoped that they may do so only in dreams.

If Hungarian politicians cannot learn from you, dear Sylvia, much less can you learn from us; for with the real childishness of women, you have pushed your struggle for the vote so far that you will fight until it is won. Therefore, good-bye, dear Sylvia; take your political childishness to other countries, where other earnest, long-bearded men, with the smell of beer and wine in their clothes, will smile at your hysterical programme. Wherever you go there will be some sympathetic thoughts that will follow you home on the thorny path of your struggles, and everywhere there will be some who, for *your* childishness, would glady change their political ripeness—that ripeness which has made clubs and public houses out of the Parliaments of Europe.

EXTRACTS FROM BUDA PESTH NEWSPAPERS.

AR UJSAG.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's lecture last night was not only interesting because of what she said, though it was almost as sensational and thrilling as a romance, but also because of how she said it. We cannot but admire the incredible greatness of these frail women, who are doing their work with utmost earnestness, and with deep, sincere conviction. Were we the greatest opponents of the Suffragettes, we should still be obliged to admit, after hearing what Miss Pankhurst said, that they fight bravely and heroically for a cause which they believe to be true, and for the sake of human liberty. The silvery clinging of her voice, the inexpressibly sympathetic appearance of Miss Pankhurst, and the honestness of her intentions will surely win thousands of friends for her on the Continent.

PESTI YLIRLAP.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst gave a description of the sufferings of English Suffragettes in London and other English prisons, of such a vivid and artistic character, that the most naturalistic Russian novelist could take lessons from her. She advocated the policy of the militant Suffragists, and explained the reasons they act upon with so much eloquence and convincing power that we do not believe that there was one man in the audience who was not converted by her. We shall certainly regard the English Suffragettes in the future from an entirely different standpoint, and, because we understand them now, we are very thankful to Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.

NEUES PESTER JOURNAL.—The tales Miss Sylvia Pankhurst told us last night were touching and pitiful, and we began to feel, towards the end of her lecture, that after all there must be some very reasonable cause of their militantism and vandalism. She described the English woman's movement with so much intensity of feeling, and there was so much conviction in her voice, that we can only hope that so great and earnest a struggle will soon bear its fruit.

NEUE FREIE PRESSE (the great Vienna daily, commenting on the Budapesth lecture, say:—There was no dramatic posing in her speech. From the first moment we could see that this frail fair-haired young woman is as great a hero of a world famous revolutionary movement as ever took the platform in old Europe; she could not but command respect, and arouse enthusiasm. In giving an account of the English Suffragette movement, she made us see things in quite a different way, and we can only thank her for the explanations she offered on the various matters which we were unable to understand before. There was only earnestness and sincerity in her voice, and we can congratulate England on having so thoroughly intelligent and so talented a daughter as Miss Pankhurst.

PESTI NAPLO.—Whether they be hysterical, mad, or criminal, it is certain that they are in earnest, that they mean business and that they must achieve whatever they want.

SUFFRAGETTES ON THE SERPENTINE.

Although the Government tried to prevent the proposed water carnival of the W.S.P.U. on Sunday, April 26th, by refusing to let any boats to the public, and the boats were tied together in the middle of the lake, several women swam out to them and waved their colours. Meetings were held during the afternoon on the bank, where large crowds assembled.

The boatmen complained bitterly of the Government's most unwarrantable interference with their trade.

MARRIED WOMEN AND THE LAW.

At Stratford, Gladys D'Olivera a young wife of 21, who was married in September last, was charged with attempting to murder her baby, because she had tried to drown the child and herself in Leyton Pond.

On March 24th, she took refuge from her husband in the Workhouse because he had illtreated her and torn up her marriage certificate. On April 15th the husband went to the Workhouse and demanded his wife, and the officials forced her to go to him with the result that she tried to drown herself.

The Chairman of the Magistrates blamed the woman, saying that she ought to have sought the remedy of the Police Court. But after having been thrust back to her husband's cruelty by one set of Government officials, is it to be wondered at that she should shrink from applying to any others? In any case Magistrates treat cases of cruelty to wives very lightly and callously.

FRUITLESS FIGHT AGAINST POVERTY

A pathetic story of the hopeless struggles of an aged couple who tried to live on 12s. a week, of which 4s. 6d. had to go for rent, was told at a Westminster inquest yesterday.

The victim of poverty was Mary Ann Russell, aged 72, of Pimlico, who was found with her throat cut.

Henry Russell, the husband, a grey-haired man of 67, a labourer, said he had been out of work for 13 weeks, and his wife had been much depressed in consequence. Their income consisted of 7s. from his National Insurance payment, and 5s. her old-age pension. His insurance money would cease next Saturday, and they owed rent.

It was more than the old lady could face.

"We lived very happily together, sir," said the old man, with tears streaming down his face, "but it's too much to bear."

A neighbour said the old couple had lived in the room for nearly eight years, and a more sober man than Russell could not be found. The strike had caused him to fall out of work, and the wife did not think her husband would get work again.

"They were a happy couple," said the neighbour, "and Mr. Russell worked hard when he could." Mrs. Russell said to her: "I am tired of it. I have had enough of it."

The jury returned a verdict of suicide during a fit of temporary insanity, and the coroner gave Russell £1 out of the poor-box, as he was penniless.

CORONER SAYS STATE SHOULD HELP.

The coroner at Westminster, presiding at the inquest on a baby who died from natural causes, ten days after returning from a lying-in hospital, commented on the hopeless struggle of the parents to maintain themselves and three children on 13s. 6d. a week.

Addressing the mother he said:—"You are in bad health and your husband is in bad health through no fault of your own. You are the very people whom the State ought to help."

It was stated that the parents were respectable temperate people, and had to give up their previous home when the man's health broke down.

The coroner said if ever there was a deserving case, this was one of them. Both parents were anxious to get work, but were in poor health. It was very bad luck. He would give them £1 from his poor box, and would give them more, only it was a very "poor" box, and he did not often get any subscriptions to it.

DOMESTIC WORKERS' UNION.

There is great difficulty in reaching domestics, who are so isolated, and therefore particularly hard to organise; but literature, etc., will be sent to anyone who is likely to get it into servants' hands if they will write to Frances H. Dickison, president, Domestic Workers' Union, 66, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.

TORTURE OF WOMEN AND DOGS.

On Friday, April 17th, the second reading of the Bill to Exempt Dogs from Vivisection was moved by Sir F. Banbury, a well-known anti-Suffragist, and carried by a majority of 42. It was urged that because dogs are "the friends of man" and "almost human" they must not be tortured, even though the alternative is the failure to cure the illness of human beings. It is not long since this same House of Commons made no attempt to prevent the torture of women by forcible feeding and the Cat and Mouse Act—but then the alternative in this case is to give Votes to Women and cause embarrasment to Mr. Asquith!

GIRL TIRED OF POVERTY STREET.

At Grimsby the other day, a girl of 18 named Lillian Bartholomew, made a second attempt to drown herself and left a note saying that she was "tired of living in Poverty Street." She was a domestic servant at the Immigrants' Home on the Royal Dock where, no doubt hours were long, work hard, and wages very low. She had been to her home and found her father expecting to be imprisoned for failure to pay a debt.

She was remanded to prison, but one more of those girls who rebel against the cruel hardship and injustice of their narrow lives.

VOTES for WOMEN in IRELAND.

In reply to our Editorial footnote to Mrs. Sheeky Sheffington's letter, published in our issue of 18th April, the *Irish Citizen* points out that in Ireland the Local Government Franchise is identical with the Parliamentary Franchise. We are glad to acknowledge the correction.

To the Editor of *The Woman's Dreadnought*.

Will you give me a little space to appeal to the women readers who have not much time to spare, and prefer indoor meetings. On the front page there is a list, and being a Poplar member, I specially call to notice the one on Thursday afternoon, 3—4.30 at the office (two doors past Poplar Hospital). We have good speakers to tell and explain to us how the vote is going to benefit our homes, women and children. We do not worry you to become a member and I am sure you will go away feeling it has done you good, so come and bring a friend.

One Who Always Enjoys Them.

MEN AND WOMEN JOIN THE PEOPLE'S army.

All particulars—
321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

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